

WE'RE A BAND OF FREEMEN.

The teetotalers are coming,
The teetotalers are coming,
The teetotalers are coming,
With the Cold Water Pledge.

CHORUS.

We're a band of Freeman,
We're a band of Freeman,
We're a band of Freeman,
And we'll sound it through the land.

We have Alcohol forsaken,
We will all the land awaken,
Stand firmly and unshaken,
To the Cold Water Pledge.

We will save our Sisters, Brothers,
Our Fathers, Sons and Mothers,
Our neighbors and all others,
With the Cold Water Pledge.

We will stop the curse of stilling
Alcoholic drinks for killing,
And all fermented swilling,
With the Cold Water Pledge.

Then come, ye jolly tillers,
Priests, Doctors, Lawyers, Stillers,
Come jug and bottle fillers,
Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Huzza for reformation,
By all in every station,
Throughout this wide creation,
With the Cold Water Pledge.

Come, ye Noble Sons, to action,
Let's pitch in for reformation,
At the point of legal suasion,
With the Cold Water Pledge.

Clear the track, ye swaggering joses,
With your red and blooming noses,
We are bound to cramp your *tose's*
With our Cold Water Pledge.

Now ye dupes of degradation,
If you wish to save your bacon,
Join this association,
With its Cold Water Pledge.

Look, you Dutchman, as you stagger,
With your stomach full of Lager,
Why, you're worse than Dobson's Nigger;
Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Why, you tippling Irish Paddy,
You're a scandal to your Daddy,
Come along, my bonnie laddy,
Take the Cold Water Pledge.

Come along, you tipling Dandy,
Just as long and slick as candy,
With your goatee, coarse and sandy,
Take the Cold Water Pledge.